The New-York Mirror,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

EDITED BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Vol. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1824. No. 23.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

"But say, without our toils and our tears,
Without our triumphs o'er our wilder years,
Without the charm to crush temptations down,
Who would be worthy of a victor's crown?"

Whig and Tory.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"O'er trackless seas, beneath the starless sky,
The romaut by the faithful wead be led,
Dauntless pursues his devious destin'd course.
Thus on the boundless waste of ancient time,
Stil let the faithful pen unerring point
To polar truth."

We have always admired the ingenuity of certain writers, who leave to the imaginations of their readers, many scenes and incidents which are somewhat difficult to detail.

The veil thus woven, is a fairy net-work, through which the eye of fancy readily penetrates, and the objects presented to the mind are touched with a warmer tint, and make a deeper impression than when delineated by the minutest historian.

Let these few remarks be our apology for passing over the recognitions of Leslie and Mary; and now let our readers "entertain conjecture of a time," when Mary is domesticated in Leslie's own family.

True, she had consented to this arrangement with some degree of reluctance, but no immediate opportunity presented to return in safety to New-York, as the whole country was in a state of excitement, which made travelling extremely unpleasant, particularly to females. She, therefore, contented herself with again writing to her aunt, while her faithful servant M'Arthur, not a little gratified that he was again permitted to serve a mistress so sincerely beloved, readily undertook the task of being the bearer.

In about ten days he returned with a large folio sheet, closely written by the hand of Miss Polly herself, a most unusual exertion of her calygraphic powers.

The letter detailed, with circumstantial minuteness, the course of events since the unfortunate 10th of October, and dwelt with pathos on the various misfortunes to which the writer had been subjected, the desolated appearance of Brier Cliff, and the disasters which her quadruped family had sustained. It ended with an exhortation to her niece, to remain in her present asylum, and intimated an intention, should the present order of things continue, to join her in the country, as the insolence of the British soldiery, and the exactions of the government, made her residence in the city exceedingly unpleasant.

Though still pertinaciously attached to the royal cause, the writer declared her willingness to retire from the scene of warfare, and seek in some rustic cottage that quiet which was denied her at home. The letter covered a handsome remittance, which the writer was persuaded her niece greatly needed; and in a postscript she intimated, that next to herself Captain Grant was the person most interested in Miss Jansen's welfare, and bade her niece look forward with hope to the period, when tranquillity should be restored to the country, and Captain Grant settled for life in their domicile.

"Well, my dear Mary," said the venerable Mrs. Leslie, when her guest reappeared, after having retired to read her letter, "what says your aunt? she will not, I hope, take you from us."

"No, madam; she encourages my stay, and gives me leave to hope that she will herself join us."

"Is it possible," cried Leslie, "that the loyal Mrs. Jansen should make such a determination?"

"Indeed," added Mary, "I begin to suspect my aunt's loyalty is on the wane. She has not been spared in the oppressions we have been made to suffer."

"It is not in the nature of the contest," resumed Leslie, "that sex or sentiment should be respected, and it is well for us that the ravages of the foe are indiscriminate. Many who were opposed to us in the beginning, have been driven to espouse our cause from the overbearing spirit of the British army."

"Yet there are individuals in that army," said Mary, "who claim our respect."

"There are, Miss Jansen, those who claim not only respect, but veneration; men of noble minds, of liberal and enlightened understanding, who act from duty and principle, in their attempts to subdue the states. My friend, Captain Grant, would that I might once more meet him, that he might be convinced I have not lost every sentiment of gratitude and honour."

"Why, Mr. Leslie, should Captain Grant doubt the purity of your sentiments?"

"Are you ignorant, Miss Jansen, that common report attributed to my means, your abrupt departure from Brier Cliff?"

"Indeed; you astonish me. And yet, circumstances are so much against us, I cannot wonder at it. Well, Mr. Leslie, we must trust to time and subsequent circumstances, to unravel the plot, and expose our enemy Waidron in his true colours."

"Have you heard aught of him, Miss Jansen?"

"Nothing certain; though I have little doubt he is still on the Island."

"It will be an additional inducement," said Leslie; and he suddenly became silent and abstracted.

The widow of William Leslie sunk beneath her sorrows, and was confined to her room, in a state of extreme mental, as well as bodily weakness.

To visit and cheer her, was a part of Mary's daily occupation, and there was a fascination in her manner, which irresistibly drew the mind of the sufferer from the contemplation of her distresses.

"Have you seen Eliza, this morning?" said Mrs. Leslie, after they had sat a few minutes in silence.

"I have not," answered Mary, "and I thank you for reminding me of a duty which my aunt's letter had well nigh obliterated from my mind."

"We will see her together then, for I am going to her apartment."

Mary began to fold up the work she had taken, while Leslie rose and paced the room in perturbation.

"I will be with you directly," said Mary, as she saw Mrs. Leslie lay her hand upon the latch.

"I will go forward," said the old lady, "and see if she is awake."

Mary put by her work-basket, and was leaving the room.

"Stay, Miss Jansen," said Leslie, in an agitated voice, "allow me but one moment; it may be our last interview."

"Mr. Leslie," cried Mary, turning pale and reseating herself, "do I hear you right? Why should this interview be our last?"

Leslie approached, and taking her hand, continued,

"Miss Jansen, you are aware that the British troops occupy the whole extent of the Island. Our government are determined to dislodge them, and they have committed to me the conduct of an enterprise, where there is some danger. We assemble this evening on the shore, and under cover of the darkness, cross the Sound. At Sagharbour our enemy lies in force. If we succeed, we shall burn his vessels in retaliation for the destruction of Danbury; but should I fall, my mother will be left childless, and you, Miss Jansen"—he paused—Mary turned her beautiful dark eyes towards him, and they were filled with tears.

"Will you, Miss Jansen," resumed Leslie, "console my poor mother?"

"Heaven grant, Mr. Leslie, that she may not be deprived of your attentions. 'Tis a result I tremble to think of. Let us hope you may be spared for her comfort, and"——Another pause succeeded.

"Miss Jansen," resumed Leslie, "there is another and a dearer interest. I am such a novice at dissembling, that you must, ere this, have seen that the motives which have interested me in your fate, are no common ones."

"I hope they are not such, Mr. Leslie, as I cannot hear, and remain an inmate of your mother's dwelling. Whatever be your sentiments, do not, by their utterance, compel me to become again a wanderer. But for you, I should have perished in the flames. For that inestimable service, and for your friendly interest in my affairs, you have my gratitude—but this heart can admit no warmer sentiment, while my country is involved in calamity."

"Pardon me, Miss Jansen; I meant not to wound the delicacy of your pure mind, but I would not part, on this perilous occasion, without expressing"——

He was again silent, but that silence was perhaps even more expressive than words; and Mary, as she rose to follow her friend, mingled so much sweetness with her reproving looks, that Leslie perceived that the being whom of all the world he most valued, reciprocated the deep feeling which absorbed his soul, and at times rose superior even to the love of country.

The bliss of this assurance was, however, allayed by the recollection of Captain Grant, and in the bitterness of remorse, he lamented the ascendency of a passion which had entwined itself with the very fibres of his existence, but in its consequence, involved the happiness of his dearest friend.

"No," said he to himself, as he paced the apartment with a perturbed step, "Grant shall never accuse me of such baseness; I will fly from the fascination of her society, and in the tumult of the camp, bury in eternal silence the remembrance of this hour. Had fate presented no insurmountable barrier to our union, this life would have been a heaven; but if I am called to sacrifices, such as wring the soul to its utmost, let me remember that it is through self renunciation that man attains to virtue. Yes, the deed shall be done. Mary shall be resigned, and if she deem me fickle and inconsistent, be this my consolation, there is an Eye that penetrates the secret chambers of the soul, an Eye that looks with approbation on the sacrifices of virtue."

Strengthed by these reflections, Leslie prepared for his immediate departure, and fearing to encounter another interview, he bade a hasty adieu to his mother, recommending to her special charge, the lovely stranger who had so unexpectedly become an inmate of their dwelling.

"Indeed, my son," said the old lady, "you need have no fears on that head. John has told me how careful Miss Jansen was of you, when you lay ill at Brier Cliff. To her I am indebted for my son, and I shall in part repay the obligation, by treating her as a daughter."

"Yes, your honour," said John, who was himself almost weeping at the thought of being separated from his master, "it was Miss Mary's care and the holy water, no doubt, that restored you to life. Why there was scarce an hour in the day, but that she would be making one kind of an errand or another to call me, and then she would always be after saying, in a whisper, 'well John, how is he now?' 'does he sleep, John,' or 'is the doctor come?' or some such kind inquiry, and then when your honour got away, you know, it was she that planned it all."

The theme was one which excited all M'Arthur's eloquence, and Leslie, to whom the praises of Mary Jansen could never be tiresome, though in ever so homely a style, permitted him to continue his harangue, until Mrs. Leslie became mistress of many facts which her son had never communicated.

These facts, as they exhibited Mary as the preserver of her son, served to rivet the bond of affection, and present new motives for the friendly attentions which the kindness of her heart prompted her to offer to the stranger.

"Depend upon it, Alfred," said she, as he mounted his horse, "Miss Jansen shall be as safe and as happy as your poor mother can make her, and I thank God, that while he has taken away my elder son, he has given me one whom I must esteem as a daughter."

"A daughter," exclaimed Leslie, as he bowed in return to her adieu, "would that it might be so; but heaven is my witness, even that bliss shall never be mine, at the expense of honour and gratitude."

At evening, Leslie joined the troops destined for the Island. The soldiers assembled on the beach, where several whale boats had been previously provided, and under cover of the darkness, silently embarked, though the vessels of the enemy lay at no considerable distance.

"Will the tide serve?" said Leslie to the pilot, as he stepped on board the boat.

"Why, captain," was the answer, "it has been blowing away like vengeance from the south-east; but half an hour ago it lulled away, and now it seems to be getting round to the northward."

"'Tis an omen of good," replied Leslie, "the winds and the waves are subservient to the righteous cause in which we are engaged.'

"Ay, ay, Captain; and please God to send us a stiff breeze from the north-west, and by sunrise we'll pepper the red coats."

It did really seem as if the Powers who rule the destinies of nations, interposed by immediate agency, in favour of the expedition, for the clouds which had hung over the shore, and shrouded their embarkation, were driven away by a strong north-western, and the first gray dawn of the morning discovered the British vessels lying upon the beach, while the troops, unconscious of danger, were sleeping in their tents.

The Americans landed in silence on the beach, some distance below the British encampment, and leaving a small party to watch the boats, separated into two divisions, one of which approached the enemy from the beach, and succeeded in getting between them and their vessels, and the other by a circuitous path, gained their rear. The attack was so sudden and unexpected, that it was with great exertions that the British officers brought forward their troops, to make even the shadow of resistance.

It was a custom of the American soldiers to single out their object, and they were in general so expert marksmen, that in every attack the loss of officers on the side of the British was greatly disproportioned. The loss of some of their leaders threw the British into disorder, and before they could rally and return to the attack, the retributive brand was applied to their vessels, and the red flame towered towards heaven, or shot in long lines across the water, forming a scene of terrific grandeur.

Having completed their work of destruction, loaded their boats with military stores, and taken on board the prisoners who had fallen into their hands, the Americans re-embarked, triumphing in the entire success of their expedition.

Twelve vessels were burned to the water's edge, and vast quantities of dry forage being set on fire, threatened universal destruction; and while the British were engaged in endeavouring to arrest the progress of the flames, the Americans suffered no molestation, and the whole exploit was achieved without the loss of a man.

Leslie's first care, when all were safely embarked, was his wounded prisoners, for he had ordered all to be put on board the boat in which he sailed, and was not satisfied with affording them surgical aid, but himself attended to their accommodation, and proffered every personal assistance which the circumstances of the case allowed. The number was few; but among them was one who fell at the very onset, and had lain upon the field for two hours, apparently lifeless. There was some debate among those whose duty it was to collect and assist the wounded, whether he was worth bringing away; but humanity prevailed, and as he had some signs of animation, he was borne in the arms of two soldiers, to the place of embarkation.

"What have you here?" said Leslie to a soldier, who was folding down a great coat to make a couch for the wounded man. "'Tis an officer, 'ant please you, Captain, but more dead than alive it seems—there is a bullet hole clear through him, and he has bled so much that it is most likely he'll die."

"We might have left him on the field," said another, "but we thought, Capt. that the rascally enemy would not be half so likely to take care of him as we, and we are savages to butcher the wounded, or, what would be as bad, leave them to perish."

"You have done right," answered Leslie; "cowards only are cruel, while the brave are always humane"

He bent over the fainting form before him, but started back with a cry of mingled surprise and horror, for it was the form of Eugene Grant!

ADVICE.—In the choice of a husband, avoid a fool, a rake, a sluggard, and a dandy—lest ye starve.

In the choice of a wife, beware of a celebrated beauty, a coquette, and a barren mind—lest ye live unhappy.

THE TREASURY.

His aggravated grief
Feeds on his being, and declines relief;
Around he throws his solitary gaze,
Already dead to hope, and love, and praise.

THE PIRATE.

The sparkling fire threw out a cheerful light, as I sat down, upon a cool autumnal evening, to peruse an interesting publication. Taken up with its beauties, I was admiring the ingenuity of the author, when a man, muffled in the folds of a large great coat, entered my apartment. His long black hair and whiskers prevented my recognizing, at first sight, an early acquaintance. It was, however, but a few moments ere I recollected him as one who had been absent many years—had followed the seas, and, at the time of the universal blockade in Europe, had been a considerable loser. In return, he had exacted contributions from others; one depredation had followed another, until he became a noted PIRATE!

I expressed no little surprise at thus unexpectedly meeting him, and more from the profession he had followed. I stated the danger of his public appearance, when, throwing open his outward garment, he discovered a brace of pistols, and a dagger.

"I have been," said he, "too long familiar with danger, to fear it, even here; though I should not have exposed myself in this place, but for the safety of an unfortunate young fellow, who will founder, I fear, in spite of my efforts. To-morrow I leave Noten-Grove, and I confide him to you with a belief that you will forgive his errors, and remember his misfortunes. If wealth can be any remuneration, he has sufficient to compensate you tenfold, for whatever favours you may bestow."

From the inquiries I made of Granford, I gathered the following particulars:—His crew, he said, had, about three years before, become thin in numbers; and the mate was dispatched to Baltimore to procure recruits. In a very short time he obtained a sufficient number, and among others whom he brought out, was Robert Green, at that time not more than eighteen years of age. Daring and fearless conduct, a noble generosity to others, regardless of himself, soon distinguished their youthful associate. But whether his exposure in a sickly clime, had been detrimental to his health, or whether a melancholy, which seemed preying upon his strength, had eaten its way through a vigorous constitution, he could not tell. Robert, however, he feared, had not long to live. There has constantly been something in his thoughts which few could search, and, fearless as he had proved himself, poor Robert was not made for a Pirate. Twice he had saved Granford's life, at the risk of his own; this, and other services, had endeared him to his commander. He could not, therefore, he said, desert him in his distress; and, as the lad had no harbour of his own, he had brought him to Noten-Grove, and should leave him with his mother; where, though he might not recover, he could, at least, die unmolested.

I saw him. His manly countenance bore the marks of toil and suffering, yet hardened and sickly as his features appeared, they were interesting. His hollow cheek, his sunken eye, and care worn brow, told indeed of mental sorrow, and a suffering heart. I beheld his grief, and felt that he was dearer to me than I could have believed a stranger.

When Granford left him, which was not without a tear from the hapless youth, he appeared sensible of my friendship, and was willing to encrease it.

I watched him day by day lingering along in all the agony of grief suppressed, and sorrows unrevealed. He was, methought, an erring youth; perhaps some father's pride, or mother's joy, whom temptation had allured from virtue's paths, or the ways of innocence;

and I feared he might be laid beneath the clay cold sod and they not know his fate. I several times attempted to elicit from him something of his former life, but the recollection of past events always plunged him in deeper despondency, and at such times a tear would steal from his fine dark eye.

Often would he walk out upon the banks of a neighbouring rivulet, and there set for hours with his eyes fixed upon the waters as they flowed in silence along. One day, while in this musing posture, I came unexpectedly upon him; he seized my hand, and begged me to set on the grass beside him.

"I had thought," said he, "to have spun out my life in darkness, and die unknown—perhaps 'twas wrong. When I am laid beneath the humble turf, you will remember me as no other than the youthful Pirate, or the suffering Robert Green. You may not have forgotten, at Boston, young James Spencer, whom you sometimes noticed; and O, if he is not torn from your mind, I am all that remains of him."

It was indeed the noble boy whom, many years before, I had caressed with fondness, and who then bade fair to ornament society. His father, my old and esteemed comrade, was a man whose many amiable characteristics, were obscured by his proud and aristocratic feelings. At his father's house I had known Robert; when last there, the afflicted old man told me a tale of youthful disobedience and disappointed love.

"Lucy became his wife; and when they thought to have triumphed over my defeat, and withered affections, I left them: that night I fled from Boston. In the height of my rage I vowed never to see my parents, or bow to woman more. Without employment, I wandered about, till accident threw me among a lawless band of plunderers. I enlisted: my rash courage soon procured the applause and esteem of my rough associates. But absence, sickness, danger, nor death, can ever efface the remembrance of Lucy's broken plight, or the unkindness of my parents."

In unburthening his sorrows, he did not however, prolong his days, for he died soon after. In our village church yard he was buried, and I often visit his grave. Grass, tall and rank, has long since mantled his humble tenement, and the winds of winter have whistled around his tomb, yet the sufferings of James Spencer are not forgotten. MORTON.

THE SHOWER.

The vivid flashes of lightning, played through the vault of heaven, and twined themselves around the tall and majestic trees of the forest, when the loud and appalling thunder, accompanied with a tremendous shower, aroused the reflections of Matilda, as she sat in silent admiration of the works of nature, and viewing, with an eye of wonder and astonishment, the approaching war of elements. Grand beyond description, was the sight of the gathering contest; the clouds rolled in awful sublimity, one above the other, as if each envied the height of its companion; her watchful eye traced them through all their various windings, until at length, with the fury of a whirlwind, they met in the engagement. Aroused from her reflections, she perceived the danger of her situation. The trees bent and fell around her; she arose to depart and retrace her steps to her father's mansion, but alas, a sudden stroke levelled her to the earth; she attempted to rise, but her strength failed her; alone and unprotected, she felt the awfulness of her situation, until a feeble voice spoke comfort to her troubled mind. She raised her head in hope, and in a moment found herself in the arms of her betrothed George! who, hearing of her absence from her father's house, had thus sought her; but alas, he found her in an awful moment! the hand of death was visible upon her—life was nearly extinct, and she fell like a drooping flower before the autumnal blast; her hand, like the solid marble, was cold and cheerless: the vivid glow had fled from her cheeks, and her pulse ceased to throb! the taper of life had become extinguished, and her spirit fled to its Maker. EDGAR.

THE LANDSCAPE.

With marks like these his nature stamps our land,
And bids the world admire her more than hand.

VIEW NEAR HUDSON.

The spot from which this view is taken is about a mile to the south of the city of Hudson, on the edge of the turnpike road leading to New-York, a section of which is introduced in the foreground of the picture. The Catskill mountains are seen in the distance, and the wooded elevation on the left is Mount Merino, a lofty and delightful eminence, from the summit of which the view embraces all the range of country, intersected by the Hudson, to a very considerable extent. This hill contains about five hundred acres, and has recently been brought into cultivation, and the gradual encroachments of the river have created a capacious bay, which washes the northern base of the mountain. The face of this part of the country is pleasingly diversified by gentle and frequent undulations, and is animated by the numerous and neat residences which are scattered throughout at short intervals. Good land is to be found in this vicinity; but the general character of the tracts nearest the river is either a stiff clay or a cold swamp. A considerable area of the latter description, lies between the city and Mount Merino; and the main turnpike road to the south runs through the midst of it.

Some stimulus appeared necessary to excite the drowsy industry of the agriculturalists of this district, which, as in many other sections of the country, and, indeed, in every other country, remained too long satisfied with treading in the beaten track which the more unskilful ingenuity of former ages had marked out; and this stimulus has recently been supplied by the establishment of an agricultural society for the promotion of good husbandry. The main advantage of societies of this nature, consists not merely in the distribution of pecuniary rewards to industrious enterprise, but in the diffusion of a spirit of emulation amongst men who had heretofore known nothing of ambition except the name; and the good effects of that so newly established in Columbia county, are already evident in the improvement which has marked the agricultural practice of the surrounding country since its institution; and well will it be for the moral, as well as political interests of mankind, when, by universal assent, the *wheat-ear* of peace shall take precedence of all other emblems of distinction; and agriculture be elevated to its legitimate rank amongst the most useful and honourable of the sciences.

On the opposite shore, a little northward of the section of the river, introduced into the picture, Athens is situated, where General Haight has a commodious and elegant house.

LIGHT READING.

"I write for fun."

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print.
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

The taste is often the criterion of the dispositions, inclinations and affections of the mind, and if we observe the course of reading of a person, and the manner and matter which he admires, we may be enabled to judge of the state of his mind; it may serve as a little physiognomy. The politician reads over the cold suggestions or spirited fulmination of the statesman; he marks the intrigues of courts, and the rise and fall of nations. The natural philosopher scans the causes and effects of material motions and changes; he pries deep into the operations of nature, and asks a reason for all he sees. The moral philosopher ponders over the mists of metaphysics, and observes the operations of the mind and the incentives of the heart. The lawyer peruses the decisions of courts, the statement of cases, and examines into every flaw and crook which arise from legal circumstances. The economist delights in close calculations of expenditures, and makes the proverbs of "Poor Richard" his line of rectitude. The child of feeling flits into the regions of imagination, and desires to pluck ambrosial fruits and sip nectareous draughts from the silver cups of odorous flowers; he wishes to be snatched from himself by the power of extacy, and float in etherial climes through new created scenes, and mingle with celestial pleasures; he delights in sentiment; it makes him feel, and it little boots him whether he sigh or smile; pleasure and pain to him are one. Rouse his sympathies, and you are his and he is yours. He reads the effusions of the heart, and lives on the works of fancy. The heroic bosom likes the intrepidity of warriors; he warms at the narrations of bloody battles, and pants with a magnanimous ardor, to make himself immortal in the defence of his country, to deliver the oppressed, to destroy the tyrant, and have his name enrolled in the archives of fame. The blood rushes in torrents through his frame; the flood-gates of his heart seem to be broken down, and herculean strength distends his ample breast, and braces his swelling sinews.

He who is solely literary, delights to lead the lives of authors—he follows them from the cradle to the grave—rejoices at their prosperity and weeps for their adversity,—he likes originality in composition and sentiment, because it indicates strength and fertility of mind—all writers are dear to his bosom—tell him that such a person is a writer, and that instant you raise his esteem for that person. He who is domestic, loves to hear of things about *home*—he likes his village newspaper, because it is printed in his native place—he peruses the original communications because they are the production of his neighbours' genius—he delights to read the cautious injunctions of the aged because he knows them to be experienced—he likes to read the lighter tales because they are the offspring of his comrades' fancies. The lover will fly to the "Poets Corner," or sigh over the effusions of amorous writers—he delights in the breathings of the soul, Politics, Philosophy, Law, Economy, Heroisms, and Literature, are insipid to his taste. "Avaunt (he cries) Blackstone, Jefferson, Newton, Franklin, Addison, Johnson, and Washington! Tell me of Love! Thrice welcome Shenston, Collins, Otway, Littleton, and Shaw! come ye immortalizers of Love! come rest in this bosom! In your strains I read my Lucy's charms and recognize my ardent feelings!"

Thus the impetus of the disposition leads us irresistibly to congenial subjects, and a strict scrutiny of the course of reading tends to mark the internal inclinations and impressions. In vain man may endeavour to hide the impulses of nature—he cannot. From its power he exists—and when it is removed, he drops to nought. THEODORE.

When a child has been punished in any way, he should be restored to favour as soon as possible; and when he has received forgiveness, treated as if nothing had happened. He may be affectionately reminded of his fault in private, as a warning for the future; but to upbraid him with it, especially in the presence of others, is a breach of honour, and a great unkindness. Under any circumstance, to reproach children in company, is useless, and often injurious, as well as painful to them; and is generally done from irritability of temper, with little to their profit.

THE REPOSITORY.

"The wretch who robs sweet woman of her fame,
Debases manhood; is unfit to live,
But how much less while wanting it to die!"

A VILLAGE TALE.

Situated in a delightful hollow, surrounded on the east and west side by stupendous and lofty hills, lies a beautiful village, a few miles from this place. The traveller, on approaching this romantic place, is delighted with the surrounding objects that strike his sight. As far as the eye can reach, he beholds a charming country, interspersed with hills and valleys, with rising villages springing up on their summits, or located at their base, and with purling steams meandering through dark forests which stretch beyond, emptying into the small lakes which sparkle in little billows at a distance. The towering steeples of the churches in every direction, present their white spires above the tall trees, which the taste of the inhabitants have left to ornament these miniature inland cities, which are destined, perhaps, at some future period of the world, to be the abode of philosophers and statesmen, heroes and sages, and emporiums of wealth and commerce from the benefits of our artificial mediterranean sea, which winds its course through the country. Contentment seems to pervade the bosoms of the industrious and enterprising inhabitants around, and undisturbed by the bustle of larger places, uninterrupted tranquillity generally reigns. Through this romantic hollow, runs the great turnpike from Albany to Buffalo: the beautiful village alluded to, lines its sides through the valley, presenting the taste of architecture, from the rude log house to the splendid mansion.

It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and —, that a stranger came to reside in this village for a short time: his appearance was such that carried with it the character of one who had seen the world: his conversation denoted a mind stored with intelligence; accomplished in his manners, his carriage was easy: polite and affable to every one, whom chance threw in his way, his pleasing manner, together with insinuating address, soon attracted the notice of the young society in the vicinity. Limited, however, as society generally is, in such places, frequent balls and parties of the young people took place. It was at one of these pleasant meetings, that the beautiful and accomplished Eliza first beheld this stranger. His attention and flattering addresses, pleased and fascinated her. She was the pride of her parents, and an only daughter on whom they lavished every expense which a boarding school education required. She was truly the loveliest of the fair, and one on whom nature had bestowed with art every thing that is calculated to adorn a female. An only brother, whose pride was wound up with that of his sister's welfare, at this period was absent; and she had no protector, or keen observer of the wolf in sheep's clothing, who with an eagle eye was watching his unsuspecting sister. Her frequent interviews with the stranger at balls and parties, and his attention bestowed on her, led to repeated calls at her father's house, where he was seemingly received by her parents in a friendly manner. Being of a lively turn, his company was particularly agreeable to her, and in a short time acquaintance ripened into a more tender feeling. Aware, however, of difficulity in gaining her parents' consent in marriage, the stranger had palmed himself upon them and the public as a gentleman of fortune and respectability, whose connexions lived in New-England, and was daily in expectation of receiving remittances from them. By all the arts which a consummate villain could invent, he ingratiated himself as much as possible into the good graces of the parents, until at length he determined on making an application for uniting with their daughter. He had previously, however, obtained from the fair Eliza her consent, and flattered himself that his prize was secure. His application, however, was refused, and the villain's plans frustrated. Stung with resentment, he now left the place, and took his residence in another country, where secretly a correspondence was kept up between her and himself; and through the agency of some friend, whom his consummate art had duped, an arrangement was made for her to elope from her parents and be united. Accordingly he made his appearance, and took her from her dwelling at midnight, to a neighbouring village, where they were joined in the holy bands of wedlock. The next morning her parents finding that she was missing, immediately took measures to pursue, and if possible, prevent what they too truly imagined would be the result. They were found, and she was entreated to return home; but she totally refused unless her husband was allowed to accompany her. This was objected to, and with tears they bid her adieu. She accompanied her husband to a neighbouring country, placing implicit reliance on his honour. But alas! she was yet to learn the true character of the man she had thus rashly connected herself with.

Her brother, who had been absent, returned about this time, and was made acquainted with the circumstances of her elopement. Rage and indignation filled his bosom; and he trembled for the fate of his sister. He denounced vengeance against the villain who had by intrigue seduced her from the bosom of her parents; and regretted that she, whom he so tenderly loved, should so far deviate from the strict rules of propriety, as to consent to a clandestine marriage with a person whom no one knew. Inquiries were immediately set on foot, to ascertain his true character; when it was soon found that he was a married man, with a wife living in the Southern states. Measures were taken to apprehend him, but he eluded his pursuers and fled to Canada, leaving her whom he had so solemnly pledged to protect and support, to mourn the seducing wiles of the villain man. Abandoned by her husband, she returned to that home, which but a few weeks before, at the dead hours of the night, she had forsaken, with high expectations of enjoying happiness with the man of her choice.

The whole village sensibly felt for this interesting fair one, who had by one inconsiderate act, overstepped the bounds of reason, and planted a thorn in her breast, which the lapse of time could not remove. By the hand of a wretch made miserable, her tears were unable to wash away the blot, which in the eyes of the world sullied her character; otherwise in every respect bright and untarnished.

This drooping flower of the village, on her prospects in life being blighted by a wretch, who had thus deceived her, declined gradually, until she sunk into the grave, a victim of inconsideration and rashness in forsaking her parents, whose aching hearts and mournful looks evinced the anguish of their feelings, on beholding their hopes and expectations crushed by the conduct of her they had so fondly loved, nourished, and cherished. Her despicable deceiver has as yet escaped the merited punishment of so infamous an act. But the justice of heaven must sooner or later overtake such a murderer, worse than the midnight assassin, or the bold and daring desperado. Almanzor.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

If with the chaff some grains of wheat you gain,
Our well-meant labours have not been in vain.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

During the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation he asked the captain what he thought the Americans would do with him, if they caught him. The captain declined at first giving an answer; but, upon being repeatedly urged, he said, "Why, sir, if I must answer your question, you must excuse my telling you the plain truth. If my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off that lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Saratoga, and bury it with the honours of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body on a gibbet."

CHARLEMAGNE.

Charlemagne revered the dignity of the priesthood, but he was careful that its members should conduct themselves in conformity with the gravity of its character. A young man to whom he had just given a bishopric, left his presence in such high spirits, that in mounting his horse he vaulted quite over to the other side. The Emperor, who had observed him from a window, ordered him to be called back.

"You have heard of the difficulty which I have in forming good cavalry troops," said his Majesty, "and seeing that you are such an excellent horseman, I am rather desirous of retaining you in that capacity. You will serve me better than by being a bishop. Go into the ranks, and I will promote you as you may deserve."

THE TAR AND THE WHALE.

The following curious anecdote, told by the captain of a whale ship which was at Valparaiso, shows of what unshaken fortitude the hardy sons of Neptune are possessed; and what indifference they evince even under the greatest misfortunes:

"One morning," says he, "as we were cruising about in search of whales, we espied a fine looking one, and at no great distance from us. We immediately manned four boats, and soon came up to this monster of the deep, which proved to be a whale of the sperm kind. We attacked him, and in return for a death-wound which we inflicted, he, as is frequently the case with these ferocious animals, stove one of the boats. In the confusion which ensued, one poor fellow unluckily came within reach of the whale, who, although in the agonies of death, made shift to draw one of his legs into his mouth. The thigh was pierced by one of his tusks, and consequently broken. Luckily for the sailor, however, the whale began to gasp, which afforded him an opportunity to escape from the jaws of immediate death. On being carried to the ship, it was found necessary to amputate the leg above the joint, which operation was borne with the greatest equanimity.—Shortly after, continued the captain, I asked him what were his feelings when he was in the whale's mouth—"Why," says he, "I thought *he might furnish sixty barrels of pretty good oil.*"

A SHORT STORY.

My friend and myself, when in Devonshire, were visiting an acquaintance, who had a daughter not remarkable either for her wit, beauty, or accomplishments. She had passed the grand climacteric, and was certainly on the wane; but her heart had lost none of its susceptibility to *la grand passion.* She had for ten years been conspicuous for her dress, airs, 'beau-catchers;' but alas, she had toiled all night at balls, routs, levees, but had caught no beau. Being as vain as she was simple, we thought her fair game for a quiz. "Miss Lucretia Elvira," said I, "have you heard of the late act of parliament, by which all ladies with *small mouths* shall be allowed to marry two husbands?" "No, sir," said she, (screwing up her mouth into a pucker) "what a *curis* law!" "You are wrong, Edward," said my friend to me; "those ladies with *large mouths* are to be allowed two husbands." "Law

me!" exclaimed she, (opening her mouth as big as a bucket) "what a curious law!"

TAKING ADVICE.

An avaricious, hypocondriacal gentleman, fancied himself to be very much out of health; but being too penurious to pay a doctor's fee, thought he would steal an opinion concerning his case. Accordingly, one day, being in familiar conversation with one of the faculty, he asked him what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, "you should take advice."

JONES AND THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

One day upon removing some books at the chamber of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor; upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day." "Kill that spider!" said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous:—"I will not kill that spider—I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a Superior Being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!—How should you like that, Jones?—and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during a late court mourning. A tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing 'Rule Britannia,' and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The master made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play the lively tune of 'Nancy Dawson.' This had the proper effect—the tailors' elbows moved *obedient to the melody*, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

COLLINS.

This sweet poet was much attached to a young lady who was born a day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is indeed," said Collins, "for I came into the world *a day after the fair*."

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

There is one apology in the increasing extravagance of the modern fair, for the ridiculous rage that exists among the gentlemen, after rich sweethearts; and maidens have a not less tenable excuse for making sure of a full purse, since an empty head is very likely to accompany it.

The really prudent and somewhat home-bred man, feels obliged to relinquish the idea of marriage, altogether, or defer it to a late period, because it is justly considered a hazardous adventure to marry, on the score of supporting the expenses of modern living.—But this idea shall have a separate chapter.

The first inquiry that our young men make now, when a woman is proposed for a wife is, Is she rich? And for variety, or a salvo, Is she handsome? Let a husband die and leave a rich widow; or a rich heiress drop into the market, Lord bless us! how the beaux scamper,

"Hound-like,
In full cry to catch her!"

If there is any shame in this state of things, if sacrificing feelings, that should have their source in the most generous and elevated considerations to "beauty and booty," is worthy of abhorrence; then, methinks, the present generation deserves an unenviable share of "*blushing* honours."

It is not very likely I shall have much cash to give with my daughters; and, in fact, I don't want any to give. God grant they may have good sense, a wholesome appearance, unsuspected virtue, affectionate hearts, industrious habits, and then—why, if nobody wants to marry them, they shall help to comfort me in my old age, and help to bear up my spirit when about to "return to Him who gave it."

I am an old fashioned fellow, it is true; but I recollect, when I got married, I made no account of money; and if I was going to marry again, I would look for a poor girl rather than a rich one. If I have a wife, a good one is essential to my happiness; and riches are not. The Athenian general was right: "I had rather marry my daughter to a *man*, without an estate, than to an *estate* without the *man*."

THE LOVERS.

To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of men and eke of woman—to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the lovers of the plants—but it is certainly as interesting. I have therefore derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest—while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to complete so beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure, and bright blue shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of spring, was faintly heard from a distance—the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterflies sported and toyed and coqueted in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile upon her lips; while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change, or that young people should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

DOMESTIC SKETCH.

The licentiousness of a camp has long been proverbial—and that man must have, generally speaking, a more than ordinary share of resolution, who can successfully combat with the various temptations there held out to the young and unwary. The high spirited youth, influenced by a false shame, plunges into the most reprehensible excesses, rather than become the ridicule of his comrades. Such was the case of George L——. His soul revolted at first from those practices which debase human nature—but hurried on to vice by his associates, he would not allow himself reflection.

He now became a professed gamester—and as his love of play increased, his love of virtue diminished. He became the dupe of sharpers—and as debts of honour must always be discharged, he was obliged to call on his father for a large amount. His demands at length became so frequent that his indulgent parent became alarmed, and refused a further supply. From a friend who resided in the vicinity of the camp, and who he requested to watch over the conduct of his son, he soon heard the intelligence which he dreaded to hear.

He wrote to him requiring him to resign his commission, and immediately return to his paternal roof, as the only condition on which his errors would be pardoned. This letter had the effect of bringing him to a sense of his misconduct—but reflection to him was madness; to other vices he added that of frequent intoxication—and in one of his paroxysms of inebriety, for a fancied insult, he raised his hand against a superior officer. The consequence was, that he was arrested, tried by a court martial, and broke.

Fearing to encounter the reproaches of a justly incensed parent, and witness the poignant anguish of his Almira, whom he still felt dear to his heart, he madly determined on rushing, unprepared, into the presence of an offended Deity. He wrote a few lines to his father, acquainting him of his purpose, imploring that he would not curse his memory, and requesting his adoption of Almira as his daughter.——

The fatal deed was done! and he, who but a few months before, was in the bloom of life and health—the pride of his family and friends—the beloved object of an amiable woman—was now a cold and inanimate corpse, weltering in his blood, shed by his own hand!

Reader—mark the sequel:—The father of George L. borne down by affliction, is fast descending to the grave!—Almira is the tenant of an asylum for the insane, and unconsciously fading away from the earth.

My pen is silent—let imagination paint the rest.

THE GEM.

"What is it often misses its mark?—
Knavery knavery knavery."

THE PRIZE.

Rap, rap, rap, went the knocker at Jeremy Martin's door, one Christmas eve, just as the girls had drawn themselves round the fire, one armed with a hammer, and a huge basket of hickory and butternuts, another with a ladle to fish the fine brown dough-nuts out of the lard, in which they were stewing over the fire, while the eldest was busily engaged at the table, cutting out dough boys and girls, and birds and horses, to fill up the long row of hungry stockings, which adorned the wooden pins around the room. Without stopping, as was usual, in Jerry's house, to decide by dint of a sharp controversy, who should go to the door, one and all set up the shout of "come in," and a couple of sprightly looking beaus entered, evidently decked out in their very best, and with span new coats on, as might be known from their carrying their arms a little distance from their sides, something after the manner a chicken carries its wings, when run out of breath; one of the visiters proved to be an old acquaintance, and the other was a bouncing country lad, from the pine flats, a half a dozen miles distant.

As fashion had not yet crept into plain Mr. Martin's family, such a thing as introduction was entirely unnecessary, and the young men seated themselves quietly by the fire. Robert, who was intimate in the family, having broke the ice for his friend, with the girls, by kissing them all round, which was a signal for him to do the same, took occasion to whisper Mr. Martin aside, and they held a long discourse together without the door, while young Blithe soon had the girls all in an uproar, which rather increased than diminished, when the good mother was called away to join the secret conclave, and the merry spark was left alone with the delighted girls, all of whom seemed ambitious which could engross the most attention of the smooth-faced, laughter-loving stranger.

Almost an hour passed away before the long argumentation without was gotten through with, and an

unwithering observer would have needed all the powers of the second-lighted seer, to have been able to see through the weighty matters that were in embryo. The elder Martins at length returned, evidently in even a better humour than when they retired, with young Robert chuckling by their side. More wood was piled on, the fire roared almost to the chimney top, the table was spread out, and the ponderous holiday pitcher was brought forth, filled to overflowing with fine clear cider. The stranger beau grew into esteem with wonderous rapidity, and when the gleeful group were at the highest pitch of animation, Mary, the oldest daughter, was called out of the room by her prudent mother, and in a short time returned, her hair drawn up in a pig-tail on the top of her head, tied with a pretty new ribbon, and her blue homespun, changed for a domestic white, in which she looked, for all the world, like a clean bag of well-packed meal, with an arm dangling down at each side. But Mary was, nevertheless, a comely, pleasant looking girl; she had pretty black eyes, fine rosy cheeks, and lips that did not look as if they could be readily worn out by kissing.

Hot buttered beans, and hunt the button were introduced and played off with wonderous agility, and these ended in ponds and jumping the broomstick, to which succeeded many stories of matches, made on a Christmas eve; and Mr. Martin gave shrewd guesses that there might be more such. He told the young people that he was older than they, the customary way all the world over of giving weight to advice, and that he never knew long courtships make happy matches; matches should be jumped into, and for his part, his girls should never cost him candle light or wood, even though the fast was plenty. Young Blythe evidently understood the meaning of all this well, and any one might have seen that Mary understood it even better. But there was a puzzling question to be asked, and who should ask it was a matter of no small moment. Bob at last undertook it—"what's the use of palavering," said he, "here's Blythe, he wants a wife, and Martin, can't we persuade some of the girls to have him?"—"Faith," said Martin, "they won't want much persuading, I warrant ye; the boy shall have his choice."—"Well," said Blythe, "I'll take Sue, then." The mother looked cross. "Sue befiddled; Mary can knit six pair of stockings to her one; she knows four times as much, and is twice as industrious; take Mary, I'll recommend her." Blythe looked grave, as if really weighing the matter, but as soon as decency would allow a change of opinion, he nodded a formal assent, and bouncing across the room, pulled Mary on his knee, and began to coo in her ear something about half intelligible.

At this signal, off pushed Mr. Martin—got his hat, and in about ten minutes came in with the 'Squire, a little shrivelled-up looking man, about an inch and a quarter from cheek to cheek, with his book under his arm, and a kind of smile between his teeth. They were seated—things began to look serious, but none of the parties evinced the least disposition to flinch—and while the 'squire wiped off his spectacles and fixed them on his nose with all the dignity imaginable, Mrs. Martin huddled along side of Mr. Martin, and whispered to him quite audibly, "I hope, Jerry, you'll behave decently now," at the same time drawing forth her old ragged handkerchief, and pulling her nose and rubbing her eyes very hard to make them look red and weeping-like, while good Mr. Martin obediently did the same, as nearly in the same way as possible; and the others looked a little frightened at this sad beginning, not knowing, perhaps, as much about the decency of such matters as the old folks.

The awful pause past, the man of authority rose, and bid the parties "stand"—"You, Mr. Blythe, right there by that there big pumpkin on yon side of the room, and you Miss Molly on his left—his right, no, his left side, and you 'tother folks in a string on both sides on 'em; set still Mrs. Martin and your husband, the law makes no requirement that you should stand up now"—and he went through the ceremony quite admirably; then giving Molly a hearty smack, he sat down to a mug of cider, and amused the party with an account of the age, weight and profits of his fall pigs, &c. until bed-time, when he retreated, making a low but magisterial bow, as the door creaked on its hinges behind him; and we may as well go too, for the night, for doubtless our readers can fancy what followed as well as we could tell them

Next morning the happy family gathered around the breakfast table, at an hour rather later than usual, and a more smiling group eyes never saw. But Mr. and Mrs. Martin's minds were absorbed in one great, and as yet unbroached matter. The old gentleman took the first opportunity of turning the conversation thitherward; "Son," said he to Blythe, with a most benign smile, "you have been mighty fortunate." "I hope so father," said he, "and I hope I shall deserve all you are pleased to bestow on me;" "Bestow on you—why you're able to buy fifty such fellows as I am; No, no; "why did nt you draw half of the twenty thousand dollar prize? Bob told me you had just returned from Philadelphia with the money in your pocket."—"Poh, no, I only learned there that you had drawn it." A thunder cloud came over poor Martin's face. "The devil and death; did you cheat us then? I draw the prize; a cursed lie; I never owned a ticket in my life." Blythe in his turn grew pale. "Are you in earnest," asked he; "In earnest," replied Martin, "I never speak in jest, and I wont be trifled with—what's the bottom of all this business, tell me or I'll test the strength of your calabash." "Well then, don't get in a passion," said Mr. Blythe, "this is the truth; I had a ticket, I was in the city and found it had drawn blank, but that a Mr. Martin, who I supposed, was most certainly yourself, owned half of the forty thousand dollar prize. I innocently thought by practising a little art to better myself by your luck; I told Bob to tell you the story, that I might have a small claim on your purse, before you knew your fortune. We are both deceived, but we had better make the best of it."

The business was unravelled; the storm raged dreadfully awhile, but at last it cooled down; Blythe, chop-fallen enough, took his wife to his father's cabin, and Mr. and Mrs Martin were able to shed a few tears a piece, without resorting to any artificial means.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

"True, they would hold in thraldom, if they could,
The struggling Greek, as every despot would:
But say, do Turks alone enslave the free?
Wrong'd Africa! the muse appeals to thee."

THE TURKS.

At this moment of excitement in favour of the Greeks, it may be deemed improper for us, who have already so emphatically espoused the *popular* cause, to say a word or two in defence of the Turkish character. Be this as it may, as we are fully convinced that a cause so righteous as that of the Greeks can never be injured by the voice of truth and the award of justice, we shall venture to present our readers with a few extracts from the letters of Donald Campbell, Esq. who resided a long time among the Turks, and enjoyed every opportunity of investigating their political and religious character. In his 28th letter to his son, he thus expresses himself:

"However faction may agitate, or abuse irritate the minds of men against the executive branch of their government, the people of every nation under heaven are disposed to think their own constitutional system the best; and the artful intertexture of religion with governments confirms them in that opinion, and often consigns the understanding to unalterable error, and illiberal prejudice. It would be wonderful then, if the Turkish constitution, founded on the Koran, was not looked upon with abhorrence by the bulk of the Christian world; and more wonderful still, if the outrageous zealots of the Christian church, who for so many centuries engrossed all the learning of Europe to themselves, should not have handed down with exagerated misrepresentation, every circumstance belonging to the great enemies of their faith. But that, at this day of intellectual illumination, mankind should be enveloped in such error and darkness, with regard to the government of so large a portion of the globe as Turkey, is extraordinary, and only to be accounted for by a reference, in the first place, to those religious prejudices which we suck in from our nurse, and which habit, incessant document, and every part of our education, tend to confirm in our mind; and in the next, to that indisposition the human mind feels to part with its idle prejudices, and the general indolence and incapacity of men to acquire knowledge by the arduous and fatiguing paths of study.

"The Turkish government is grossly misrepresented. Were our opinions to be directed by the general belief of Europeans, we should suppose that the life and property of every being in that vast empire were irremediably at the mercy of the Grand Seignior—and that, without laws to protect, or any intermediate power whatever to shield them, they were entirely subject to the capricious will of an inexorable tyrant, who, stimulated by cruelty, sharpened by avarice, and unrestrained by any law, human or divine, did every thing to oppress his subjects, and carry destruction among mankind. I firmly believe, that, from the combination of ideas arising from those prejudices, there are few Christians who think or hear of the grand Turk, that do not, by an involuntary act of the mind, instantly think of blood and murder, strangling with bowstrings, and slicing off heads with symeters.

"As there is no part of your education more near my heart than the eradicating illiberal prejudices from your mind, and fortifying you against their assaults; I find it impossible to refrain from giving you my opinion of the Turkish government, which I have been at some pains to collect, as well from oral information as from the best authors; and which, though very far from what a generous and universally philanthropic disposition would wish them to have, is very different from that which is generally attributed to them, and unquestionably far more limited in its power than the governments of several Christian countries I could mention.

"The constitution of that country is laid down expressly in the Koran. The emperor of Turkey (commonly called the Grand Seignior) is a descendant of Mahomet, who pretended he had the Koran from Heaven: and he is as much bound by the institutes of that book as any subject in his realm—as liable to deposition as they to punishment for breach of them, and indeed has been more than once deposed, and the next in succession raised to the throne. Thus far, it is obvious, his power is limited and under control. But that is not all.—It is equally certain that the Turkish government is partly republican; for, though the people at large have no share in the legislation, and are excluded by the Koran from it, (which Koran has established and precisely ascertained their rights, privileges, and personal security,) yet there is an intermediate power which, when roused to exertion, is stronger than the Emperor's, and stands as a bulwark between the extremes of despotism and them. This body is the ULMA, composed of all the members of the Church and the law, superior to any nobility, jealous of their rights and privileges, and partly taken from

the people, not by election, but by profession and talents.—In this body are comprised the Moulahs, the hereditary and perpetual guardians of the religion and laws of the empire: they derive their authority as much as the Emperor from the Koran, and, when necessary, act with all the firmness resulting from a conviction of that authority; which they often demonstrate by opposing his measures, not only with impunity, but success. Their persons are sacred; and they can, by means of the unbounded respect in which they are held, rouse the people to arms, and proceed to depose. But, what is much more, the Emperor cannot be deposed without their concurrence.

"If, by this provision of the constitution, the power of the monarch is limited, and the personal security of the subject ascertained, on the one hand; the energy of the empire in its external operations, is, on the other, very frequently and fatally palsied by it. Declarations of war have been procrastinated, till an injurious and irrecoverable act of hostility has been sustained; and peace often protracted, when peace would have been advantageous. The Ulama being a numerous body, it has been found always difficult, often impossible, to unite so many different opinions; and nothing being to be done without their concurrence, the executive power finds it often impossible to take a decisive step in a crisis of advantageous opportunity. But as this code of laws and government is received as a divine revelation, binding both prince and people, and supposed to be sealed in heaven, the breach of it would be sufficient to consign even the monarch to despotism and death.

"As to the military force, which in the hands of all despots has been made the instrument of the people's slavery, that of the Turk could avail him nothing: and, whenever it does interfere, acts only to his overthrow. The very-reverence they have for his person arising from obedience to their religion, they are, *a fortiori*, governed by it, not him. He holds no communication with them; and the standing force of the Janissaries is, compared with the mass of the people, only a handful. Some wild accounts, indeed, have stated it at 300,000; but the best informed fix it below 60,000, of which a great part consists of false musters and abuses—great multitudes being enrolled to obtain certain privileges annexed to the office of Janissary. The fact is, that the chief force of the empire is a militia composed of the people; who, with respect to obedience and subordination, are so loose that they leave their duty whenever they please, without receiving any punishment. How far the people of Turkey are protected from the encroachments of power, will appear from the recital of a fact related by one of the best and most liberal of our historians on that subject, and which is of too great notoriety to be doubted.

"In the year 1755, the Porte, as it is called, or Palace of the Grand Vizir at Constantinople, was burnt down: in laying the plan for rebuilding it on the former site, the leading consideration was, how to contrive matters so as to render it secure from accidents of a like nature in future; and it was determined that the only certain means to do so was, to leave a space of clear ground all round it, for which purpose the contiguous houses should be purchased from the proprietors, and demolished. All the owners of the houses agreed to the sale, except one old woman, who pertinaciously refused; she said she was born, and had lived all her life, in that spot, and would not quit it for any one. Now, in England, for the convenience of a private canal, the Parliament would force her to sell. But what did they say in Turkey? When all the people cried out, "why does not the Sultan use his authority, and take the house, and pay her the value?" No! answered the magistrates and the Ulama, it is impossible! it cannot be done! it is her property. While the power of the monarch is thus limited, and the rights of the people thus ascertained by the Koran, and in things manifest and open to view rigidly adhered to justice between man and man is rarely administered; for, though the laws themselves are good, the corrupt administration of them disarms their effect, and distorts them from their purpose. The venality of the judges is beyond conception flagitious and barefaced; and their connivances at false witnesses so scandalously habitual, that testimony is become an article of commerce, and can be procured with a facility and at a price that at once stamps an opprobrium on the country, and furnishes matter of wonder to the considerate mind, how, if judges are flagitious and shameless enough to be guilty of it, the people can bear such a pernicious system so long. Hence flow all the censures on the laws and government of that country—hence most of the impediments under which its commerce and agriculture languish; while the actual written laws of the realm are, if duly administered, sufficiently adequate to the security of property, the regulation of commerce, the repression of vice, and the punishment and prevention of crimes.

'In endeavouring to guard your mind against an illiberal, vulgar prejudice, I have stated to you what the Turkish constitution is, and what the laws; but you must not carry what I have said to an overstrained or forced interpretation. I would not have you infer that the people are well governed; I only say, that their constitution contains within it the means of better government than is supposed. I would not have you infer that property is always secure; I barely say there are laws written to secure it. This too I wish to impress on you, that the common people are more free, and that property and life are better secured in Turkey than in some European countries. I will mention Spain for one. Like the country we are now contemplating, fear keeps them, as disunited individuals, under passive obedience, in ordinary cases; but, unlike the Spaniards, when notoriously aggrieved: when their property or religious code is forcibly violated, when the prince would riot in blood, and persist in an unsuccessful war: the Turks appeal to the law; they find a chief; the soldiery join their standard, and depose or destroy him, not on the furious pretext of popular hatred, but upon the ligitimate ground of the Koran, as an infidel, and a violator of the laws of God and Mahomet—They always, however, place his regular successor on the throne. Yet, notwithstanding the general venality which pollutes the fountains of justice, and notwithstanding the great abuse of power to which I have alluded, their internal policy is, in many respects, excellent, and may be compared with advantage to that of any nation in Europe. Highway robberry, house-breaking, or pilfering, are little known and rarely practised among them; and at all times the roads are as secure as the houses. Ample provisions too are made against those petty secret frauds, which many who carry a fair face in England, and would bring an action for damages against any that should call them rogues, practise every day. Bakers are the most frequent victims of justice, and are not unfrequently seen hanging at their own doors. They are mulcted and bastinadoed for the first and second offence, and on the third, a staple is driven up into the door-case, and they are hanged from it. Notwithstanding which, men are constantly found hardy enough to pursue the same course of practice; and this is more extraordinary, as the police is so strictly attended to, that the Bashaw, or Vizir himself, goes about in disguise, in order to discover frauds, and detect the connivances of the inferior officers of justice. But what will our great ladies, who consume their nights, destroy their constitut.on, and squander their husbands' property in gambling; who afterward, to repair their shattered finances, have recourse to the infamous expedient of keeping gaming-houses, and endeavour to recover, by degrading means, what they have lost by folly, to the disgrace of themselves and family, and the shame of their sex and rank.—What will they say when I tell them, that gaming is held among the Turks to be as infamous as theft; and a gamester looked upon with more detestation than a highway robber? The Turkish ambassador and his train will, on their return to their country, have to tell a curious tale of this much-famed island, in that and other respects."

NEW-YORK MIRROR,
AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1824.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some apology is due to our Mathematical correspondents for omitting their favours. They will be punctually attended to hereafter.

W. is thanked sincerely for his information. We previously knew, however, that the articles he speaks of were selected, although sent to us as original; and accordingly inserted these pieces as we got them, but took care to remove the word "original" from the head of the page in which they appeared.

ROSALIE, MARY, ELVIRA, and ELIZABETH, may all be very pretty girls, and we are sorry we cannot say as much for their poetry.

We would be happy to hear more frequently from MORTON. His stories generally are good, and his style chaste.

What has become of EGBERT?

RICHARD and HUDSON went together to the flames—the proper place for all such indecent trash.

Great preparations are making for the Military ball, to be given in honour of Jackson's victory, for the benefit of the Greeks, at the Theatre, on Thursday evening next. We may reasonably anticipate "something a little superior to any thing of the kind" ever witnessed in the great city of Gotham on any former occasion.—Don't catch colds, girls.

The Bachelors' Ball took place on the evening of the 1st of January. It was well attended, and, we understand, "many hearts were lost and won."—Well done batchelors.

It was stated some time ago, that four ladies in Paris, Onedia County, came to their death in consequence of a hard worm being boiled in the water used for tea. The Intelligencer printed in the vicinity of that town, state that inquiries have been made as to the truth of this story, and that it is ascertained to be entirely without foundation.

On Thursday morning, about five o'clock, our citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire. It is believed to have originated in a small stable, situated in the rear of Canal, near Greenwich-street. About twelve buildings, including stables, were destroyed.

The London Courier is now printed by a machine, constructed by a Mr. Napier, which is capable of throwing off considerable more than two thousand an hour. On one occasion it produced at the rate of two thousand eight hundred and eighty per hour. No new steam apparatus is employed, but two men alternately turn a fly wheel, which acts as an impelling power.

Placards were posted about the streets of London, proposing a general mourning as a mark of respect to the memory of the unfortunate Riego.

Captain James Riley, celebrated for his adventures among the Arabs in the deserts of Africa, is a member of the Ohio Legislature, now in session.

POETRY.

"There is in thee, a nameless charm,
That can the coldest bosom warm;
Thy tuneful numbers sooth the soul,
And all its mazes fires control."

Carrier's Address.

"Here comes more of their shy cing civilities!"
Cries Miss Dash, as the knocker resounds;
"How can bards prostitute their abilities!
"Rhyme, to-day without reason abounds.
"Caucus intriguers, & spotic beleaguers,
"With pirate and negroes and Spain's sudden fall
"And crosses and crescents and tyrants and peasants
"And holiday presents—the burden of all."

Stay fair lady: your Carrier, submissively,
Begs indulgence a moment or two;
Pass not sentence on all so decisively
Here may be something uncommon and new.
I've no Grecian bubble to add to your trouble,
The rhymes are all double I venture to bring.
With naught about freedom—O deign then to heed 'em
You need not to read 'em—they're written to sing!

Hence with frowns from a visage so beautiful,
Smiles of pleasure alone should be there;
None but numbers respectful and dutiful,
Would your Carrier present to the fair.
Then in your best manner awake your piano,
I know that you can O delightfully play;
The fair that refuses, most rudely abuses
The frolicksome Muses, who fashion the lay.

Sing of fashions, of manners, or any thing,
Cortes hats, or the bachelors' ball;
Playful fancy suggests now and then a thing
None can bear with a visage of gall.
There's curls artificial on temples judicial,
I know the initials which stand for his name,
And a friend of the Greeks too, that every fair speaks to,
That paints his own cheeks too, to add to his fame.

Themes enough will occur to you presently,
Droll and quaint, for a holiday song.
Form'd to whip up a few moments pleasantly,
Lest they linger in passing along
While Byron engages all colours and ages,
With lunatic pages that fiends might admire;
The Waverly writer, with characters brighter,
And incidents lighter, your bosoms inspire.

Sing of literature, tell how it flourishes,
Since dame Fortune has opened her eyes,
Blessing Clarke with the food which best nourishes,
Four hundred pounds in a lottery prize!
And how Master Sandy can now play the dandy,
This cash is so handy for knights of the quill;
While tailors and shavers, and painters and gravers,
Acknowledge his favours, for casts of their skill.

Sing of public amusements, so plentiful.
Theatres crowded with fashion and taste!
Gardens and circuses, would there were twenty full,
Wealth is most useful when squandered in haste
The musical Pearman, or Matthews, the queer man,
Or Cooper, the dear man, of actors the best;
Fair Johnson and Holman—the play-writing Colman,
Or some other droll man, to rhyme with the rest.

Sing of public improvements—such flattery
Tickles our aldermen, spite of their faults;
Beekman-street, Middleniane, and the Battery,
Shake the bricks of the Garden-street vaults,
Where fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers,
Are sleeping with others, whose genius first drew
The plan of our city, so crooked and pretty,
To change it's a pity, and sacrilege too.

There's Broadway, where the ladies so charmingly,
Rival each other in beauty and taste;
Where the ape-tribe increases alarmingly,
Each with a tapering corseted waist.
Their warm idolizing, and strange Adonising,
Are not so surprising—but look at their shapes!
With little eye glasses they ogle the lasses,
While each one that passes, despises the apes.

Mark the picture—there's Grace church and Trinity,
No more alike than a rose tree and yew;
Near to the last, in its chapel's vicinity,
Rises the City-Hotel to the view,
Where guests from each climate, conspire to sublime it,
(Egad! I must rhyme it, tho' reason retires,)
Where wit brightest flashes, where ladies cut dashes,
And dance o'er the ashes of mothers and sires.

Call on Prentiss, you know that his trade is to
Beautify beauty, and sweeten the sweet.
Charrere and Chagot are friends of the ladies too,
Ready to make your appearance complete.
The last mentioned places, are haunts of the graces,
Where all pretty faces new beauty assume;
Just give them a call, and you must eclipse all,
At the Theatre Ball, with your dress and perfume.

View St Paul's architectural elegance,
Throw a glance at the Park and the Hall,
See the lions the monkeys, and elephants,
Look in the Museum, and Bridewell, and all.
The grand exhibition of Spain's inquisition,
With every tradition of Catholic tricks,
With mummies and spectres, and chemical lectures,
And Mitchill's conjectures on Babylon bricks.

There's Bonfanti, whose tasteful propriety
Charms the dandies and raptures the fair;
There are trinkets, an endless variety,
Fit to shine at the Ball Militaire
Wedding-rings, ear-rings & cheap rings, & dear rings,
And thousands of queer things without any name;
Rich bracelets and braces, and spangles, and laces,
And patches for faces, with paints for the same.

Sing of these, and remember the Forum too,
Where the powers of a Tully are shown;
There's a new publication by Oram too,
Second in merit to none—but our own;
And sing of the MIRROR, still better and dearer,
I can't rhyme it nearer, so don't let it vex;
But do you not glory, to read such a story,
As dear WHIG and TORY, by one of your sex?

Sing our problems, with signs algebraical,
Dark to me as if printed in Dutch;
If for music they prove too prosaical,
Try our mottos—they puzzle us much;
The essays of Bryant, are written, rely on't,
With the pen of a giant, the heart to improve;
While D's Little Genius, (a demon, between us,)
Would vices less heinous by satyre remove.

Female character, manners, biography,
Deeds heroic, education, and dress;
All display'd in the fairest typography,
Wrought on Clymer's Columbian Press.
Each epigram, reous, inspired by bright Phebus,
And (won't you believe us?) each anecdote too,
Will brighten your revels, disperse the blue devils,
And banish all evils—by Jove it is true.

Sing our poets, too—may I not boast of 'em,
Sweet Isidora, Malvina, and Thayer;
Ariel, Sarah, egad! there's a host of 'em,
Mirrors are always attracting the fair.
Though some one prefers a young S of New-Jersey,
Whose melody stirs her fair stoical breast;
George, Sigma, and Wieland, and Reuben, and Selim,
(What heart doesn't feel 'em?) will rank with the best.

One more stanza, and then I'll not trouble you,
Sing of a lady, who told me to day,
That eighteen verses composed by S W.
Were well worth a dollar—now what do you say?
I do not demand it—but still, if you hand it,
And I understand it, as won by my lay,
I'll love you for ever, and use each endeavour,
To show myself clever on next NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Epitaph.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone—Reader, don't smile,
But reflect, when this tombstone you view,
That death who kill'd him in a very short while,
Will huddle a stone upon you.

To Matilda.

Can I be poor?—Matilda's heart
Is mine—and mine for ever!
Hence sordid passions—hence depart—
For I will prize thee never.

Yes I am rich—am rich indeed—
And Wealth, thy gold I spurn;
Thou would'st my wayward fancy lead,
My every hope inurn.

Love's torch than thine burns brighter far—
It beckons me to prove
Thou art a radiant morning star,
Celestial star of love!

And I will ever thy light pursue,
For it conveys to peace,
Till it shall fade in softest blue,
And death my soul release.

Matilda, bless thee for thy lines,
They shall ennoble me;
My study will till life declines,
Be how to merit thee.

GEORGE.

The Sultana.

She came—soft leaning on her favorite's arm,
She came warm panting from the sultry hours
To rove 'mid fragrant shades of orange bowers.
A veil, light shadowing each voluptuous charm,
Fine spun as if aerial spiders wove
A web to deck, not hide, the form of love,
Played round her limbs half seen—a wreath of gold
Confin'd her breast that swell'd its tender fold,
And with impatience sweet to burst its boudage strove.
Never will nature in her loveliest mould
So fine a model for a Venus frame,
As stood the goddess that before him came:
There might the enlighten'd eye of taste behold
Where o'er her form the flowing outline glides,
Which in soft wave now swells and now subsides:
There that harmonious grace, so rarely seen,
That wins its way each mark'd extreme between,
And sweet to stony hearts the shaft of passion guides.

Beauty.

The babe, emerging from its liquid bed,
Now lifts in gelid air its nodding head;
The light's first dawn, with trembling eyelids hails,
With lungs untaught arrests the balmy gales:
Tries its new tongue in tones unknown, and hears
The strange vibration with unpractis'd ears,
Seeks with spread hands the bosom's velvet orbs,
With closing lips the milky fount absorbs;
And, as compress'd, the dulcet streams distil,
Drinks warmth and fragrance from the living rill;
Eyes with mute rapture every waving line,
Prints with its coral lips the Paphian shrine,
And learns, ere long, the perfect form confest,
Ideal beauty from its mother's breast.

Zephyr.

Gentle Zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my lovely fair,
Softly whisper, "you're a sigh,"
But do not tell whose sigh you are.

Liquid streamlet should my dear
Cross your current as you flow,
Murmuring tell her, "you're a tear,"
But not whose eyes have swoln you so.

Lucinda.

A great way off Lucinda strikes the men:
When she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A great way off one wishes her again.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
AT NO. 25 LIBERTY-STREET,
BY GEORGE P. MORRIS,
To whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.
TERMS—FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM; city subscribers to pay quarterly, and those at a distance half-yearly, in advance. No subscription received for a less term than one year.